DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE QUEEN IN HER PONY CARRIAGE—A SKETCH AT OSBORNE.

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CHINESE POVERTY.

A paper read before the Shanghai Missionary Conference, by Mrs. A. H. Smith, on "Domestic Life in China," published in the *Advance*, drew some striking pictures of Chinese poverty and the hardships imposed on women:

The second obstacle to women's education we find in the pinch of poverty. As the Chinese proverb says, "Even a child may not eat ten idle years of food." The mother must work to keep the wolf from the door, but why may we not have the little, useless children to train? "Because," the mother replies sadly, "I cannot afford to have the children study. The boy, though small, can rake fuel for the fire and manure for the field. My wee girl can already spin, mind the baby, and wait upon me." If little hands drop their small work, older ones must take it up; and so sharp and cruel is the haste with which in this poor family consumption treads upon the heels of production, that little jaws must cease to grind, and stomachs to crave, if little hands cease to labor. "Well, we will feed your children while they study." "That is very kind of you," she says, "but they have no decent clothes. Every one will make fun of them if they go in such tatters to school."

Some of the poorest of our Christian widows hire themselves out to work for rich families by the season. They dare not miss one day from the harvest, or from the cottonfield, for their coveted meeting and lesson, lest their places be filled by others, and they lose the chance of gleaning at the end of the season. We know of doors where the only weapon to keep the wolf at bay is the little shining needle of the mother. She must have her stint done to-night. You speak to her, she answers you without looking up; for, as the saying runs, "You raise your head, you lose one stitch; you lower your head you lose another." How fast her needle flies, though night has come; the children are all curled up fast asleep, and it is so piercingly cold her hands are numb. It seems a marvel each time she sees to thread her needle. Her lamp! let us rather say her corner of Egyptian darkness! Her eyes are fast giving way under the continual night work and the daily smoke. Some melancholy day will see her quite blind. Then poverty will hold the family in a still sterner vise. Pray, where is her education to come in?

The possible depths of Chinese poverty may be shown by two examples: one of a family where the wedding of their son found them too poor to buy a fifteen-cent mat for the k'ang of the bride. They borrowed one. The new wife, who had a comfortable bed quilt as a part of her dowry, felt guilty to be warm while her new mother-in-law shivered under a tattered excuse for a comforter. After the rest were asleep, the bride would steal out to the other room, put her nice warm covering over her new mother, and go back to her own comfortless bed to shiver. In another village, a dispute as to who should bear the expense of less than two cents' worth of oil an evening, has been known to break up a religious meeting. "But the people are not all as poor as that," says your new missionary, whom no doubts appal and no facts suppress. Unwittingly she thus brings you to the third obstacle:

The multiplication of manual labor. Rightly to understand Chinese life we must turn our backs on the great facts of political economy, and move the hands of the world's great clock back to the times of our great-grandmothers. We long to give our Chinese sister a Christian training. Christian training is instruction, or building up. It is first, as a preparation, intellectual. Even a divine Christ must be intellectually apprehended to be revered. We must wake up our sister's mind; but that is a work of time, and her time, alas! has already so many calls upon it. "Why, how is that?" says the new missionary. "With such a small house, no elaborate cooking, no fussy dressmaking and millinery, no pillow-shams and no church fairs, one would think she might have oceans of time." We will invite her to come and study with us a month.

Intense longing and regret flit across her face. Her "Outside," as she quaintly calls her husband, "needs a new blouse." "Well, bring the shears and we will help you. Fie upon such a miserable little obstacle as that, to blockade the way to the kingdom of heaven! Here is the sewing-machine all threaded; bring us the cloth."

Nay, softly, O sanguine Occidental! The cloth is out there in Nature's lap, tucked away in the cotton-pods. The woman brings it in, four catties of cotton, a great lapful of hard white wads. Her skilful fingers and feet are soon flying at the cotton gin. After four hours of hard work the seeds are disposed of, and the gin goes back to its corner. Next comes the musical clang of her bow. A whole day of patient, steady labor is needed to reduce those little hard wads to a snowy, fleecy mountain of picked-up cotton. Next comes the cheerful hum of her little spinning-wheel. She is never idle, seek her when you may. But five days slip by before the thread is all spun. We watch and sigh. Next, out comes the clumsy old loom. How monotonous the click-clack of its cradle! How slowly the shuttle goes, though our friend is reputed a good weaver! Five days more have glided away into the eternal past, when a piece of cloth, twenty-five feet long, poor, coarse and narrow, drops from that antiquated loom. Eleven days and a half out of her month gone, and we have only just got to the shears! Another day sees the garment done.

The new missionary cannot sew for all the Chinese women, furnishing time and foreign thread; but she means to see this one experiment through. The woman is a bright one; her mind is being wasted. We will polish it, quicken it, set it fermenting with new ideas; in short, make yeast out of her, with which to leaven a great mass. Then no one will begrudge the day's work and the foreign thread.

"Come and begin to-morrow," she says, as the woman sews on the last button.

"Thank you so much, I should be so glad," says the woman, "but I cannot possibly. My mother-in-law needs a new quilt, my boy has no stockings, my two little girls have no wadded drawers, and my father-in-law needs a new pair of shoes."

"How long does it take you to make him a pair?"

"Five days."

"And you make the shoes for the whole family?"

"Of course," replies the woman, wondering if the queer new teacher supposes that shoes grow.

"How many pairs will keep all seven of you shod for a year?"

"About thirty."

"And how many wadded garments do they need?"

"Good years we have each of us two, that is fourteen in all; and it takes me a month of steady work, with four or five days more, for the bedding, and half a month for the summer clothes."

"Over two hundred days of clear, solid sewing!" ejaculates the new missionary, "even if you never had an interruption! And the cloth for all these jackets and drawers, comforters, stockings and shoes, does it all lie out there, eleven days away from the shears?"

"Why, yes; where else could it be?"

The wind is all out of that missionary's sails. They only flap dejectedly. "Time?" she thinks, "Time? Why, one person ought to be appointed to eat for a Chinese woman, and one to sleep for her, while a third does her breathing! What a mistake to have an 'Outside' at all! One should be all kernel, and no shell. Oh, for the freedom of those happy lands, where one might at least find an old maid to educate!"

OUR TEACHERS'-MEETING.

BY THE REV. STEPHEN H. EVANS.

Ours is only an average Sunday-school board. Few of our teachers have had special advantages. They are hard-working men and women. They teach, not because they cannot well avoid it, nor because they have better qualifications for teaching than others, but because they love Jesus the Christ, and want to work for him.

Our teachers' meeting admits no one who is not directly interested in Sunday-school work. Special work demands special conditions, and our teachers insist upon exclusiveness.

The time of our teachers' meeting is Friday night. By consultation with the pastor, this evening was sacredly set apart for us. It interferes with no other meeting in our busy church, and no other meeting is allowed to interfere with it. We meet in the church, having appropriated one of the smaller rooms. We put in easy comfortable chairs, that could be moved at will, and a degree of sociability was provided for that would have been impossible with the old, stiff benches.

On a long table, in the middle of the room, are books of reference. On the walls are large blackboards and the best maps to be had, both of geography and of topography. On the table also lies a large historical atlas, a glance into which gives the contemporaneous history of any great event or epoch in Scripture history.

In one corner of the room is the teachers' library. Here is an excellent collection of works, constantly being added to, upon Bible introduction, interpretation, history, biography, manners, and customs, Sunday-school history, work, and methods, etc. It is for the teachers only, and is wholly independent of the regular library; and, to make sure that it will not be neglected, it is a standing rule that one-tenth of all receipts in the school, exclusive of missionary or benevolent collections, shall be applied by the book committee to this teachers' library. This is not a very large sum, to be sure; but, judiciously spent, it has given us helps we could not otherwise have had.

You will see by this that our teachers look upon Sunday-school teaching as a work that needs the best possible preparation. But it is not enough to have a teachers' library, however well used it may be. Some books this library cannot have in sufficient number to supply all the teachers. There must be personal expenditure. We go on the principle that, to do anything worth doing, or to be anything worth being, costs, not time and energy only, but money. Our teachers maintain that it never pays for a mechanic to work with dull tools rather than spend enough money to buy a stone to sharpen them on. Every class knows the difference between dulness and sharpness, between emptiness and fulness, and we think every teacher ought to know it also. Each teacher in our school has invested in the following for personal use:

1. A teacher's Bible, with wide margins for notes.

2. Notes on the International lessons, by Hurlbut or Peloubet,—some take both.

3. "Teaching and Teachers," by Trumbull.

4. "The Sunday-school Times."

Our teachers' meeting is held for one hour only. The ladies and gentlemen of the board, being busy people, have no time to idle away. They know the meeting will begin on time and end on time. If any other important work must be attended to on that evening, they know it can be done after the teachers' meeting. Work is the business of the hour.

Let me say what this meeting is not. It is not a place to begin the study of next Sunday's lesson. The lesson has been studied as thoroughly as possible all the week. Teachers come to this meeting to get in step with each other; to report to each other the results of their labor as students of the lesson; to condense all their work into a compact result; and to ask God's blessing on the work of preparation. It is not a place for debate, but every teacher is permitted to state his or her own views. No one gets offended. Everybody is so much in earnest that all are sure to be right in spirit and meaning. It is not a place to set wrong people right,—we have none of that kind; nor is it a place to set right people wrong.

A CLERK, who resides at Albany, N. Y., (street and number not reported), recently built a house which cost him $3,000. He calls it his "smoke-house," for the reason that twenty years ago he gave up the habit of smoking and the house was built by the money thus saved. A word to the wise is said to be sufficient.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—JUNE 21, 1891.

CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.—2 Kings 25: 1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord."—Hos. 6: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 25: 1-12.—Captivity of Judah.
T. Isa. 29: 1-16.—Foretold by Isaiah.
W. Ezek. 12: 1-16.—Foretold by Ezekiel.
Th. Jer. 8: 20-9: 16.—Foretold by Jeremiah.
F. Lam. 2: 1-22.—Lamentation over Jerusalem.
S. Psalm 80: 1-19.—Prayer for Deliverance.
S. Psalm 137: 1-12.—Weeping in Captivity.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jerusalem Taken, vs. 1-4.
II. The King Carried to Babylon, vs. 5-7.
III. The City Destroyed, vs. 8-12.

TIME.—B.C. 589-588; Zedekiah the twenty-first and last king of Judah; Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon.

PLACES.—Jerusalem; Riblah, 75 miles north of Damascus: Babylon.

OPENING WORDS.

Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, was the youngest son of Josiah. He was placed on the throne by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, and reigned eleven years, B.C. 599-588. The intermediate history is found in 2 Kings 23 and 24 and in 2 Chron. 35 and 36: 1-10. Parallel accounts, 2 Chron. 36: 11-21; Jer. 39: 1-10; 52: 1-16.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Tenth month*—parts of December and January. *Tenth day*—still observed as a fast by the Jews. *Nebuchadnezzar*—the most powerful of the Babylonian kings. *Forts*—overlooking-towers. V. 2. *Eleventh year*—the siege lasted eighteen months. V. 3. *Fourth month*—July B.C. 588. V. 4. —*The gate between two walls*—the besiegers entered from the north, and the king fled toward the south, down the Tyropœan Valley, between the two walls of Moriah on his left and Zion on his right. This path came out in the *king's garden*—at the south-east corner of the city. *Toward the plain*—Revised Version, "by the way of the Arabah," the valley of the Jordan. V. 6. *Riblah*—the headquarters of Nebuchadnezzar, who was at the same time besieging Tyre. *Gave judgment upon him*—as a common criminal, not as a king. He had violated his oath of submission to Nebuchadnezzar. Ezek. 17: 13-19; 2 Chron. 36: 10-13. V. 7. *Put out.... carried him to Babylon*—thus two apparently inconsistent prophecies (Jer. 32: 4; Ezek. 12: 13) were literally fulfilled. V. 8. *Fifth month*—parts of July and August. *Seventh day*—his orders were not fulfilled until the tenth day. (Compare Jer. 52: 12.)

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JERUSALEM TAKEN, vs. 1-4.—Who besieged Jerusalem? How long did the siege last? To what straits was the city reduced? What was the cause of all this suffering? Jer. 16: 10-12. What was one of their great sins? Jer. 17: 20-23. How did the siege end? How did Zedekiah attempt to escape?

II. THE KING CARRIED TO BABYLON, vs. 5-7.—Where was the king taken? To whom was he sent? What was done with his sons? With Zedekiah? What prophecies were thus fulfilled? What other kings of Judah were then in captivity?

III. THE CITY DESTROYED, vs. 8-12.—What was done with the temple and the city? With the people? Who alone were left in Judah? How long after the division of the kingdom did this happen? How long after the captivity of Israel?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God is true to his threatenings as well as to his promises.
2. That he will certainly punish those who continue in sin.
3. That he may use kings and armies as his scourges.
4. That if we neglect our privileges they may be taken from us.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who besieged Jerusalem? Ans. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon.
2. How did the siege end? Ans. The city was taken and destroyed.
3. What was done with the king's sons? Ans. They were slain before his eyes.
4. What was done with the king? Ans. His eyes were put out, and he was carried to Babylon.
5. What became of the people? Ans. They were carried as captives to Babylon.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 28, 1891.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.—Isa. 28: 1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way."—Isa. 28: 7.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

Our lesson passage denounces the sins of Israel and foretells the woes about to come upon the nation. Samaria shall be cast down by a sudden invasion, as a just judgment upon sensual and impious Israel, vs. 1-4. To the remnant in Judah, Jehovah himself will be a crown and a protection, vs. 5, 6. Yet even these imitate the example of apostate Israel, and in their self-indulgence cast off the authority of God, vs. 7-13. But their contempt of God and their self-reliance shall only hasten their destruction, vs. 14-22. The passage has been very appropriately selected for a Temperance Lesson, as drunkenness is prominent among the sins denounced by the prophet, and fearfully prevalent in our day.

QUESTIONS.

To what period does the prophet in this chapter refer? What was the state of Judah at this time? What the condition of Israel or Ephraim?

Upon whom does the prophet pronounce woe? How would this woe be brought upon them? Why were Samaria and Israel to be thus destroyed? Who were here meant by *drunkards*? What does this teach you about the sin of intemperance?

What promise is made to Judah? vs. 5, 6. What charge is brought against them? What is their contemptuous reply? How does the prophet answer them? What important declaration does he make? vs. 16.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That drunkenness is a most fearful sin.
2. That it is loathsome and disgusting.
3. That it leads to destruction.
4. That God's wrath is upon those who are guilty of it.
5. That we should avoid the very appearance of evil, and therefore abstain from the use of all intoxicants.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

GIRLS, LEARN TO BE HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Begin with your own possessions. Reform your upper bureau drawer; relieve your closet pegs of their accumulations of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and careful order in the midst of which you can daily move, and learn to keep it so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your own room and its arrangements while you dress yourself, leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing you have about you. This will not make you "fussy;" it is the other thing that does that—that not knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation.

Take upon yourself gradually—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need—all the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Have your little wash-cloths, and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture brush and your feather-duster, and your light little broom, and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish or restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely-growing strength of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest way of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone, then you have learned to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.—*St. Nicholas.*

CONVENIENT CLOSETS.

Closets, those valuable additions to every household, may be readily classed under two general heads—wardrobe or hanging closets or storage closets. Whether intended for the one or the other purpose, a closet requires a sound flooring, wainscoted or firmly plastered walls, and a base board free from open cracks and knot-holes. These precautions are necessary in order to secure the contents of the closet from the depredations of mice and other vermin.

A wardrobe closet is desirable in every sleeping-room, and besides a liberal supply of hooks, it will need at least two shelves. Both of these cross the closet at the rear; the lower one, intended to accommodate shoes and rubbers, may rest upon the base boards, while the other, used for the storage of hat-boxes, muff-boxes, etc., is placed above the hooks, and within easy reach. The hooks, preferably double ones, are fastened into strips of board nailed to the walls about five feet above the floor; others are screwed into the under side of the upper shelf. The appearance of the closet can be greatly enhanced and its capacity increased by building a chest of drawers against one of its sides. These drawers can be utilized for many purposes, and are specially convenient when used to store away the starched skirts, the woollen underwear, and other articles which usurp so much space in one's bureau or chiffonnier; they serve, too, to protect the waists of dresses and the light-weight wraps from the creasing they are apt to receive when hung up amongst the heavier garments. Where the cost of these drawers renders them for the time being unattainable, the amateur carpenter can easily construct a set of shelves which will answer the same purpose. Given the necessary shelving, a saw, a hammer, and nails, and a few feet of two-inch board, and a clever woman can easily build them for herself. A cretonne curtain suspended from above, conceals the contents from view, and at the same time serves to exclude the dust. A linen bag, the size of an ordinary cushion, nailed to the inner face of the door, becomes a convenient receptacle for the soiled collar, cuffs, handkerchiefs, or towel that may be discarded after the room has received its daily "doing up." A practical holder for canes or umbrellas may be constructed in an empty corner at a trifling cost. A screw eye is fastened into each of two adjoining walls, ten inches from the line where they meet, and two feet above the floor; five or six more are fastened at regular intervals down each side in a straight line with the first ones until the base board is reached. Fish-line or macrame cord is now laced "criss-cross" through the little openings in the screw eyes, and the ends firmly fastened. The cords must be tautly drawn, or the umbrellas will sag forward.

The storage closet is usually shelved from top to bottom. As its name indicates, it is used chiefly to store away the household linens, packages of all kinds, spare pillows, quilts, blankets, etc. A separate closet is in most households devoted to the linens exclusively. Usually it is kept locked, the careful owner preferring to personally superintend their distribution. For the reason that meddlesome fingers never enter here, it is advisable to attach the family medicine chest to one of its walls. In the absence of this convenience a set of little shelves can be fastened into a handy corner near the front of the closet; these will answer equally well to hold the household drugs and other medical necessaries.

A roomy closet upon an upper floor can easily be used as a combination storage and wardrobe closet. In the summer season it can contain and at the same time protect the winter garments, and during the winter season be utilized to hold the summer things. Open boxes filled with camphor and chips and shavings of cedar wood placed in the corners will secure the contents of such a closet from moths and vermin.

A closet can be kept sweet and clean by allowing the air free access for at least an hour every day. In addition it is well to give it a thorough cleaning once a month, removing the entire contents for this purpose.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CROSS-STITCH BORDER.

AND METHOD OF WORKING.

No trimming so neat and effective, and at the same time so economical and durable, has yet been found for the decoration of ladies' morning dresses and blouses, and children's garments made of checked ginghams, cross-barred lawns, nainsooks, etc., as that furnished by borders and bands of white or colored cross-stitch, worked with embroidery cotton, knitting-cotton, linen or silk, according to the quality of the material on which the work is done.

Though it is not a novelty, it was never more popular than at the present time, for it has been found to be more decorative and satisfactory on many wash garments

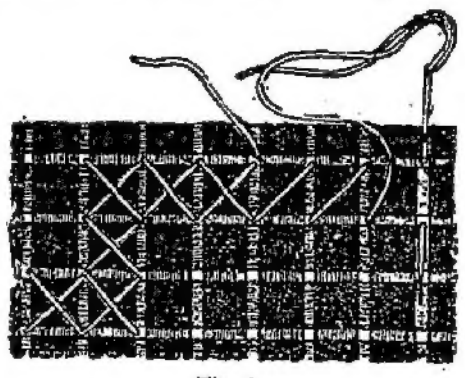


Fig. 1.

for general wear than laces or embroidery, and it adds nothing to the labor of ironing.

This work may be very rapidly accomplished if a light, open pattern be chosen, the effect of which is often prettier than that of one containing large spaces of solid work—though both are pretty.

Of course many are already familiar with the method of working cross-stitch, and some who are not can easily find out by experimenting, but to those not so fortunate as to belong to either of the classes named (and that there are many such the frequent inquiries we hear and read prove) a few simple directions will doubtless be welcome. Then, too, in this, as in all work, however intricate or simple, there is a "best way."

Fig. No. 1 shows the best method of setting the stitches, as it gives the work a nice even appearance, similar to woven work. Two threads are used throughout the pattern; the under stitches are worked first with one thread (as shown by the one threaded in the needle), and all slant regularly in one direction; the upper stitches, worked with the second thread, all slant as evenly in the opposite direction, crossing over the under ones. With this thread the needle takes up exactly the same stitches as with the first, but is inserted on the opposite side.

The wrong side of a border so worked, instead of presenting a tangled display of stitches of all lengths, as is usually the case when only one thread is employed, is neat and orderly—which is very desirable when it is liable to be seen any time, as it is on aprons or draperies.

The border design shown in No. 2 is extremely easy to work, as it runs along in a continuous line, having no confusing breaks or complications, and is unusually neat and simple in effect.

The design shows how the border may be turned at the corners of draperies or jackets, or from the foot of a morning dress, to extend up

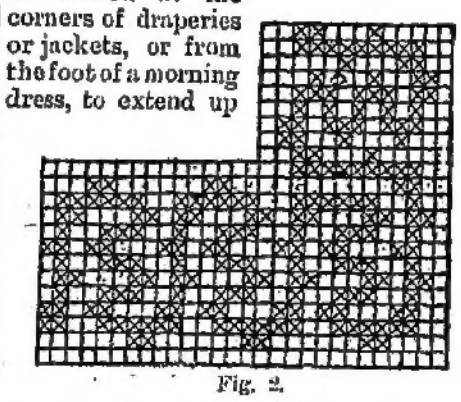


Fig. 2.

the side-fronts on each side of the gathered or plaited front, also on the slashed epaulet-tops of the sleeves, and for numerous similar purposes. It is best to begin at the corner if a border is to be turned, else the squares may not come just as one would like.

A dress of pretty pink, blue or lavender gingham, checked with fine lines of white, ornamented with bands of bordering in white cross-stitch, is very handsome for woman or child, and is quite serviceable. Colored thread should be used on white or light colors checked with dark lines, while on pure white or cream cross-barred material any color may be used—even white thread or silk if the material be very thin.

Dark ginghams checked with red are pretty worked with red—which bears washing as well as white; light ones checked and worked with dark blue are also pretty and durable.

Kitchen aprons, of heavy blue and white or brown and white gingham or shirting, are sometimes ornamented just above the hems, with a band of cross-stitch worked with fine knitting-cotton; children's play dresses for home or country wear are also made of the same materials and trimmed in the same way.—*Youth's Companion.*

TABLE COVER.

A handsome cover for a small table is made from a brocade silk handkerchief.

Follow the outline of the design with a line of fine gold cord, which must be couched around the figures.

Fill some of the figures with fancy stitches done with gold thread, and vary them as much as possible.

If the design is in leaf form, a good result will be obtained by filling sometimes a whole leaf, sometimes only a portion of it.

If the handkerchief is white, fill inside the outline of gold thread with embroidery done in different colored silks. This will give it an oriental look.

Baste the handkerchief to a stiff square of brown paper which will serve to keep it in shape; or it may be placed in an embroidery frame if desired.

Finish with a broad band of white plush which should be couched on both sides with gold thread, and line with some pale shade of surah silk.

This table cover is very handsome, and the effect is decidedly rich and oriental.

RECIPES.

A RULE well to be remembered in baking is that all things to be browned on the bottom must be set directly on the bottom of the oven, but those things which are to be browned only on top, or merely heated, may be set on the grate.

COLORED tennis flannels should be washed in water about the temperature of the room they are washed in, with good white soap of any kind, and rinsed thoroughly in water of the same temperature, and wrung out as dry as possible. They may be hung up for a short time in the house, but should be taken down while still damp and ironed dry. Some laundresses never hang them up, but wring them so dry that the iron completes the drying.

PUZZLES.—No. 11.

NUMERICAL.

If you 3, 4, 5, 2 a grace
Of carriage, and a fine address,
With good *complete* in every place,
I'm sure your presence can but bless.

Your 8, 7, 1, 2 may be plain—
8 count not dress the chiefest thing—
But wise ones will not show disdain,
If better passports you can bring.

For gentle manners, where the heart
Governs and guides the impulses,
Admit to scenes where only art
Can never pass the entrances.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog,
My second is in field, but not in bog,
My third is in owl, but not in bat,
My fourth is in oval, but not in flat,
My fifth is in heard but not in saw,
My sixth is in frost, but not in thaw,
My whole is unknown to fame or dower,
For it is only a meadow flower.

CHARADE.

A *last* for the table is *all*;
And the reason its name we so call
Is because that of old
A *first* did enfold
Its proportions, which were far from small.

But in these days almost any *last*
For the table as *total* is classed
And hunters now choose
A *one* for their *twose*,
While for table together they're cast.

QUEER PUZZLE.

* * *
* * *
* * *

Upper word, the whole.
Second word, taking the last letter of the first word to commence with, dejected.
The third word, taking the last letter of the second to commence with, married.
These, in the original shape, make one word meaning permitted.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 13, 8, 14, 5 is part of a house.
My 6, 12, 17, 13 is to take care of.
My 5, 16, 3, 2, 10, 9 is to make known.
My 9, 12, 11, 13, 2, 5 is a communication.
My 13, 5, 4, 10, 15 is a vision.
My 1, 7, 13 is a negative.
My whole is a proverb.

REVERSAL.

He was a weak inebriate,
And wandered on the street,
He seemed fast nearing that sad state,
From which there's no retreat;
Some sought to rouse his addled pate
And turn his wayward feet;
He only muttered "you're too late,
My ruin is complete."

And many shunned him, and some *first*
As wretched to behold;
He only answered, "I am cursed
With idleness and gold;"
And so I have attained a thirst
That cannot be controlled,
And yet men say they take the worst
Into the temperance fold.

"I wonder if 'twould *second* me
From this impending fate;
This downward course of infamy
Before it is too late,
I'll rouse my weak humanity
To 'Labor and to wait,'
And then, perhaps, I yet may be
One of the good and great."

CONUNDRUMS.

When are little children heaviest? When they are Christmas waits (weights).

When is a cook unkind? When she beats eggs and whips cream.

What letter will turn a white rose-bush into a pink one? L, for it will make it blush.

When does a chicken talk *by proxy*? When you speak for one.

What is the difference between a doll and our dog Rover? One is a puppet and the other a pet pup.

Why is a violent man under arrest like the Monday's wash? He must be ironed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 10.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Ava. Birmingham. Cotney. Dayton. Emmettsburgh. Filmore. Grafton. Hamilton. Irkutsk. Jacksonville. Kickapoo. Labarge. Mendina. Natchitoches. Oxford. Prescotte. Quincy. Rouen. Samarcand. Tomsk. Udine. Valladolid. Washington. Xenia. Yaphank. Zanesville.

SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.—

L	E	M	O	N
H	O	I	S	T
R	E	S	I	N
M	I	D	S	T
N	I	E	C	E
R	O	M	A	N
S	P	E	A	R
S	T	O	A	S	T
L	A	N	C	E
N	O	O	S	E
F	A	R	C	E
H	A	S	T	E

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Intemperance.

BEHEADMENTS.—Wheel—heel—eel—e—l.

SAM'S CHOICE.—1. Carpenter; 2. Printer; 3. Mason; 4. Architect; 5. Merchant; 6. Blacksmith.

PUZZLERS' CHAT.

Well *Messenger* puzzlers! how is it we have not heard from you for so long? Let us have a great many original puzzles, as well as answers, soon, and do not forget to sign your full name and post-office address.

EDITOR PUZZLES.

The Family Circle.

"COMMON THINGS."

BY MARY F. STEPHENS.

A young girl's room; lace curtained windows, a bureau with a long mirror, a floor softly carpeted, pictures, a cheval glass, bric-a-brac on mantel and stands; a bed, a cretonne covered lounge—and a lounger.

The lounge is placed at an angle from whence the lounger can look at a grate fire under the mantel without turning her head. The fire burns warmly, brightly. Without it is snowing. The girl on the lounge draws the soft, white afghan with which she is covered closer around her and nestles down luxuriantly among her pillows. She is lying *en dishabille*, her dressing sacque of soft blue showing prettily against the white of the afghan. With one hand she holds a long braid of her fair hair, thrown lightly across her shoulder, the other rests carelessly on the afghan. The white fingers are ringless, yet the hands show care. Down town, in a busy office, attired in a suit of severest brown, she is known as "Miss Palmer," and the lawyer for whom she writes short-hand considers her quick and experienced. The formality and the work only serve to quicken her taste for home, she has said more than once in answer to her mother's protest that "Helen need not work."

Privately, Helen knows that if she does not work there would be no pretty dressing-sacque and afghan, perhaps not even a cheval-glass, and so she makes answers gaily enough;

"I know it is not a case of necessity, only one of luxury;" and enjoys wages spent in making home more beautiful, or giving gifts to "mother," and friends with a kindly light in her blue eyes or a gracious speech that heightens their value.

She has been lying so for perhaps five minutes, when a rap comes to the door. When one has settled down for an evening of rest after a busy day, it must be a very old or dear friend who may hope to be received with a smile. Yet from the moment she enters it is quite apparent that the knocker has not a doubt of her welcome. With one quick movement she draws a chair to the open fireplace.

"Well, this is nice;" she says brightly. Stooping to take off her rubbers, she gives them a little toss that takes them to the foot of the lounge, then throwing herself into the chair she leans back, puts her feet on the fender and surveys Helen with an air of calm content.

She is a "nut brown maide;" brown hair and eyes and skin; brown plush in jacket, cap and muff. Under the jacket her skirts show,—green plaid, dark and rich.

Helen, meanwhile, has not moved; now she just lifts her eyes.

"Well," she says, inquiringly, "do you like it?"

"Oh!" answers her friend, "it's easy enough." As she says this, an expression of scorn curves her mouth. She has a sweet mouth, and when she speaks the words come very quickly, yet clearly withal, rising and falling musically with the sound of a rill making its way to the river over a bed of stones. Then she continues in a tone of impatience: "It's routine! routine! all routine."

But Helen happens to believe in routine, and, indeed, is dependent on it in a way that the bright, vivacious little maiden before her could hardly understand, and so when she responds it is rather slowly. "Why," she says, in her thoughtful way, "it seems to me that every one's life is a routine, and that the more you perfect your routine the more beautiful you make your life."

"That is all very well in theory and where you enjoy your routine," Jean McMurray interrupted with increased impatience; "but when it's a routine that some one else has planned for you and you go through it because you are compelled to, dragging along as though some one was behind you with a long pole and you could not move unless they gave you a poke."

Helen laughs a little. "Now, Jean," she says, "don't get enthusiastic."

But the girl persists: "What would you do?"

"Try to find out what my routine was and begin to enjoy it, I suppose," Helen replies, slowly. Somehow her friend's bright, quick movements give to Helen's slower grace the appearance of languor. The languor irritates Jean.

"I don't believe you would do anything of the kind," she rejoins, warmly, "especially if you were a little child and nobody told you how. People are always taking credit to themselves for doing what others have helped them to do, just as some men walk straight because their fathers have put them in easy positions that require no muscular exertion."

"Well," Helen says, "I supposed, when you told me it was an orphanage, that you would be down some evening with a well-laid plan for reforming that benevolent institution, but I didn't suppose you were going to philosophize about it. Won't you take off your things?" as Jean moved away from the fire.

But no; she has only come for a moment. She has been thinking of giving the children a little lecture in place of some of their recitations, and she wants Helen to come and hear it. The friends are going to a reception in the afternoon, and Helen expects to take a half holiday. Jean wishes her to make it a whole one and come to her in the morning. Jean is young, has just graduated, and it is plain to be seen is immensely proud of her first school. Helen took short-hand when Jean began her college course, and has the advantage of three years of practical work. Helen promises to come the next day, and Jean proceeds to explain her plans.

"The children are orphans," she says, "and when they are fourteen or fifteen years old will take places as servants. Now, I thought if I could show them how to do one or two common things well; things they would not be likely to find out for themselves, and help them to notice others, it might be a good thing." She looks to Helen for encouragement.

"For instance?" Helen suggests.

"Well, I thought to-morrow I would show them how to walk and sit well."

"Apt to make them self-conscious," Helen observes, beginning to look interested.

"Perhaps so, but I think girls begin to grow self-conscious at that age in any case." She pauses and with a sudden movement reaches for her rubbers and puts them on.

"You'll come, won't you?" she says, giving Helen a little parting nod.

Helen assents. "You'll excuse my getting up?"

"Oh! I might as well," and the small whirlwind departs, only to come back after a second.

"See here, Helen," she says coaxingly, "Don't wear that old brown dress to-morrow? Wear your 'Russian blue.' It won't be very much more trouble to dress in the morning, and you know I told you it was dull for the children. I wear my terra cotta every day, because I've noticed they like to see me in something pretty."

Perhaps Helen has not moved once during the whole evening. She does not stand on ceremony with this friend of hers. But now! I am trying to think of the best way to express this move of hers; I want to say, "With one vehement gesture," but the fact is, the "vehement gesture" is a kick, and it sends the afghan several feet into space; then Helen rises with a movement quite as quick of that of Jean's, and walking across the room to where her friend stands at the door, lays her hands on the girl's shoulders so heavily that her white fingers sink deep into the soft, dark plush.

"Jean," she says, and her voice is a trifle husky, "you are a nice girl," and stooping, she kisses her.

Jean slips on a pair of eyeglasses and gazes at her in mock dismay.

"I suppose you are not feeling well," she began, "but"—

"Oh, go home!" Helen says, pushing her through the half-opened door and shutting it after her. She opens it after a second, and going into the hall leans over the balustrade, while Jean goes laughing down the stairs.

When she reaches the foot, the clock in the hall strikes the half hour.

"Half past nine," she calls up. She opens the front door and lets in a gust of wind and snow, then leaning back to where she can see Helen at the top of the stairs, she kisses her finger tips, calls "Good night," and with a little preliminary shiver disappears into the darkness.

One can never be a revelation to one's self, the very fact of having to dress one's self every morning being enough to prevent it, and so it happens that Helen Palmer, sitting next day in the long sunny school room, with its white sanded flour, and watching the little orphans file in before her, has no idea of the way she impresses them. She knows quite well that she is pretty, but understands all the details of beauty, and when one begins to understand the details of beauty, or anything else, the glamor, the witchery of it is gone. A little beggar from the street being, perhaps, able to enjoy the whole effect of a beautiful room in a way that would be impossible for the man who has had the delicate edge of his enjoyment taken away by long familiarity with beautiful rooms.

She has studied her costume, too, though she is not thinking of it now, for Helen, after the manner of perfectly-dressed women, rarely thinks of her dress after she has left her dressing-room.

"The city is gay this year," she had said to herself in excuse for the brightness of the Russian blue, with its power of drawing only the blue lights from eyes which also hold gray. Her soft draperies fall away from the tight-fitting jacket of plush; we all know how pretty plush is in Russian blue. Her muff is of lynx; white lynx, held in gray-gloved hands, and around her neck, setting off the whiteness of her skin, a long boa of the shining fur is wound twice and caught. A blue plush toque covers her fair hair, wound in a loose coil at the back of her neck and peeping out in clustering curls around her brow, and her feet are shod quietly.

To the children, who see a lady so seldom that a vision of their teacher in a pretty dress is a treat, she is a dream; something to be remembered and thought of for weeks, just as Helen herself would remember and think of a lovely picture.

In their ignorance of the outer world they try to form conjectures as to who the beautiful lady is. "She cannot be a king's daughter," for they have studied that the country is a republic; "nor yet the president's, for he has no daughter." "Well, at any rate, she is a very rich lady," and with childhood's indefiniteness they invest her with all manner of powers and gifts, while she sits and looks at them in the unabashed way we all have for strangers before they touch us. To her, as to Jean, they are a number of little orphans; not very interesting now, perhaps; dressed exactly alike in what to Helen appears very faded blue gingham aprons,—but, from her point of view, capable of becoming at least as good as herself, and perhaps better, for the young lady stenographer knows enough to be aware that she is not a leader in society.

And this is the beginning of the lecture, for Jean has, all unconsciously, performed half her work in setting Helen with her beauty and grace before the children; and for the rest, there is a sweet voice rising and falling in musical cadence and a hundred pair of children's eyes changing gradually from dulness to bright interest, for perhaps they have never before heard anything like this.

She begins with the old truth that every one's life is a routine, growing monotonous after a while, unless there is a life, a spirit of interest behind the work to make it pleasant. The doctrine of duty well performed told in childish words to children; for, after all, the young teacher is hardly more than a child herself, only a very bright child, keeping her eyes open to discover the pleasure, the prettiness, that underlies the simplest life, and telling to others who might not be able to find it out for themselves.

"Probably," she says, "most of you will begin life as servants. How many want to be anything else?"

Of course every hand goes up; there is no lack of interest now. This is quite different from spending the morning studying about the natives of Madagascar. The young teacher continues in her plain, easy way:

"I am going to tell you how, and if you will do this way, you will not only get ahead in the world, but all your life while you are working to get ahead will be beautiful. Who can tell me what I mean?"

The bright girl of the school ventures: "Set a high aim before ourselves and try to live up to it."

For a moment a shadow crosses Jean's face. Privately, she considers this doctrine of a high aim is more talked of to children than understood by them; but not by a gesture would she disappoint the little girl who, having bravely answered before the whole school, is waiting in a sort of breathless eagerness to hear whether the answer is right.

And so, while Helen is holding her white muff to her face to hide a smile of languid amusement, Jean looks right down into the little girl's eyes and smiles, too, a smile that I am sure the recording angel jots down in the book of life; a smile that gives an exquisite finish to at least one act of Jean's life; for, after all, are not little kindnesses, so delicate, sometimes, that even the receiver does not appreciate them, the things that give the last touch, the exquisite finish to life?

So she looks down on the little girl and smiles and says: "It is very nice, indeed, to set a high aim before one's self," and when the little girl sits down contentedly she continues: "But in order to reach our high aim we must work. Every one's life comes to them in minutes, the longest life being only the one that contains the greater number of beautiful minutes. So, in order to succeed, we want to make each minute as perfect as we can; to do each minute's work as well as we can."

She goes on to tell them that while no two lives are alike, there are yet certain little actions that everybody, prince and beggar alike, have to perform; the way in which they are performed constituting one of the chief points of difference between prince and beggar. Walking, for instance, and, speaking and touching. "People talk of perfect manners," she says, "but if you think of some persons whose manner you admire, you will find that they have simply formed a habit of doing these things perfectly. The first requisite is gentleness; to touch things gently gives grace; to open or close a door, to move around a house, and above all things, to speak gently, the possessor of a gentle voice, with the power to keep it gentle at all times, having a power that hardly anything else can give. It is nice, too, in speaking, to speak distinctly; to give the finishing sound to a word. If, when you have been walking, you say you have been walkin', it gives people an idea of a shuffle in ill-fitting shoes. And above all things do not shuffle. What I want particularly to show you, is how to walk well, a graceful carriage being one of the chief signs of good breeding." Then she gives them little points about placing the toe of the foot on the ground before the heel. Walking with one straight free movement from the hip, and holding their elbows to their sides. She makes Helen walk for them, to the latter's inward amusement. And then she finishes with a little sparkle in her eyes: "Whatever you do, walk straight. God took as much pains in making you as though you were the greatest ladies in the land, and beside," with a sudden descent to practicalities, "the pavement is free. When any one speaks to you look right into their eyes and answer. Nothing makes people so respected as to respect themselves. To shuffle along with your head down looks as if you had either done wrong or were ashamed of God's handiwork, for your bodies are God's handiwork." She tells them then that she wishes them to take the lecture as the subject of that week's composition; marches them out in double-quick time with bright eyes and pretty, flushed cheeks, to the tune of "Marching through Georgia." Then turns to Helen: "What did you think of it?" she asks, anxiously.

"Didn't you get some of your ideas from Emerson?"

"Well, supposing I did?"

"Oh! nothing; only what a queer mixture; religion, philosophy and good manners.'

But Jean had the courage of her opinions. "I think," she says, "that good manners are only philosophy and religion applied to the little details of life."

In the course of the lecture Helen has laid aside her wraps. She gathers them up now, and the two friends go up to Jean's room to prepare for dinner.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE LATE SIR R. F. BURTON, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.

THE LATE SIR R. F. BURTON, F. R. G. S.

The exploration of tropical East Africa, which has brought renown to many distinguished travellers, was actually commenced, in our own times, by the remarkable man who, first among Europeans, penetrated that side of the Dark Continent as far as Lake Tanganyika. This led to the subsequent discovery of Lake Victoria Nyanza by Speke and Grant, almost simultaneously with Baker's discovery of the Albert Nyanza; but it was the discovery of Tanganyika, with Dr. Livingstone's explorations of the Nyassa and the great rivers flowing northward in the interior, that opened the way for Commander Cameron and Mr. H. M. Stanley, the last of whom was enabled to find and follow the course of the Congo to the western ocean. Captain Burton, in February 1858, accompanied by Captain Speke, who could help him little, reached Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, at the very place where Mr. Stanley, in his first African expedition, "found Livingstone," in November 1871. The great interest of Livingstone's explorations in the south-western region, from 1866, revealing a chain of lakes and rivers among which Stanley, in 1876, found the waters of the Upper Congo, does not lessen by comparison the merit of Burton's earlier achievement. To Burton, first and most, is certainly due the access of European intercourse to East Central Africa by the most direct route, and the present facility of civilizing, ruling, and trading with its various nations, through the German and British companies recently put in possession. Sir Richard Francis Burton, who ended his extraordinary life of bold adventures and observant wanderings, of learned inquiries and studies, voluminous writings, and official services not very liberally acknowledged, by his death, on Oct. 20, at Trieste, was the pioneer of inland travels from the East Coast of Africa, with results which now appear considerable; and it is doubtful whether any other man could have done what he did, at the time when it was done.

There is another field of African exploration in which the priority of Captain Burton's travels has been forgotten. Mr. Stanley has fairly won his renown as the discoverer of the previously unknown course of the Upper Congo, one of the grandest features, as we hope it will be rendered the most useful, in the wonderful internal water-system of that Continent. But when, thirteen years ago, after his descent of that river to the Atlantic, popular imagination was excited by descriptions of the great "cataracts," or rapids, called the Yellala, on the Lower Congo, many people were allowed to suppose that these falls were a discovery of Mr. Stanley's. The fact is that they had been minutely examined by Captain Burton in 1863, when he went up the river, from Boma in canoes, landed at Banza Nokki, and marched up to Nkulu, but had not the means to pay the native chiefs and guides for continuing his journey farther, to the Isangila and Kalulu Falls, and to the site of the first Congo Free State settlements, many years before Mr. Stanley was there. The Falls had indeed been explored by Captain Tuckey's companions so long ago as 1816; and the navigability of that great river, for an unknown distance beyond, might have been tested by some other expedition. Moreover the best geographers were of opinion that the Lualaba, discovered by Livingstone, was the Upper Congo, before Mr. Stanley descended the river in 1877. Captain Burton had ably set forth the arguments in favor of that opinion.

The public has too short a memory for the exploits of men still living whose activity has been transferred to different spheres of effort. Captain Burton—he was knighted in 1886—being employed all his life in various parts of the world, travelling and residing among many diverse nations, learning their speech, manners and customs, traditions, religions, and antiquities, and publishing the results of those studies in books crammed with fresh and interesting knowledge, did not much care, apparently, after the death of Captain Speke, in 1864, to claim due recognition of his African discoveries. His contributions to literature—as a great Arabic scholar and translator, a desultory but acute and accurate commentator on Oriental history, an anthropologist of original insight, and a graphic reporter on the habits and usages of large sections of mankind, have far more abiding value than any mere journal of travels in barbarous lands. Yet the narratives of his personal adventures—for instance, of his pilgrimage to Medinah and Meccah, disguised as an Indian Mussulman, in 1853, his visit to Harar, in 1855, and his narrow escape from being killed in the attack on his party at Berberah, on the Somali coast—again, his unexampled troubles, losses, and sufferings in the journey to Lake Tanganyika—are of strong interest, as showing what difficulties may be overcome by a daring, shrewd, and resolute man, thoroughly accomplished in the skill and knowledge he required to use. If ever a man was self-taught, and pre-eminently self-reliant, it was the young officer of the Bombay Native Infantry who quitted India, after some years' service, in 1849, having been disappointed of seeing active warfare, but having done surveying work in Scinde and on the Malabar coast; a perfect swordsman, master of the language of Western India and the Afghan frontier, of Arabic and Persian, ready to mingle familiarly with any people of the Mohammedan world.

Richard Francis Burton, who was born March 19, 1821, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, a retired Irish officer, passed his boyhood partly in France, with his parents, at Tours and at Blois, and was sent to a private school at Richmond, and to Trinity College, Oxford; but got little by regular education. A born linguist, he had his own way of learning Latin and Greek, as well as living foreign tongues, and never put up with academical rules. In June 1842 he escaped from the University to the Indian Army, and was looked upon with favor by Sir Charles Napier, but could not wait half his lifetime for a chance of distinction in the military career.

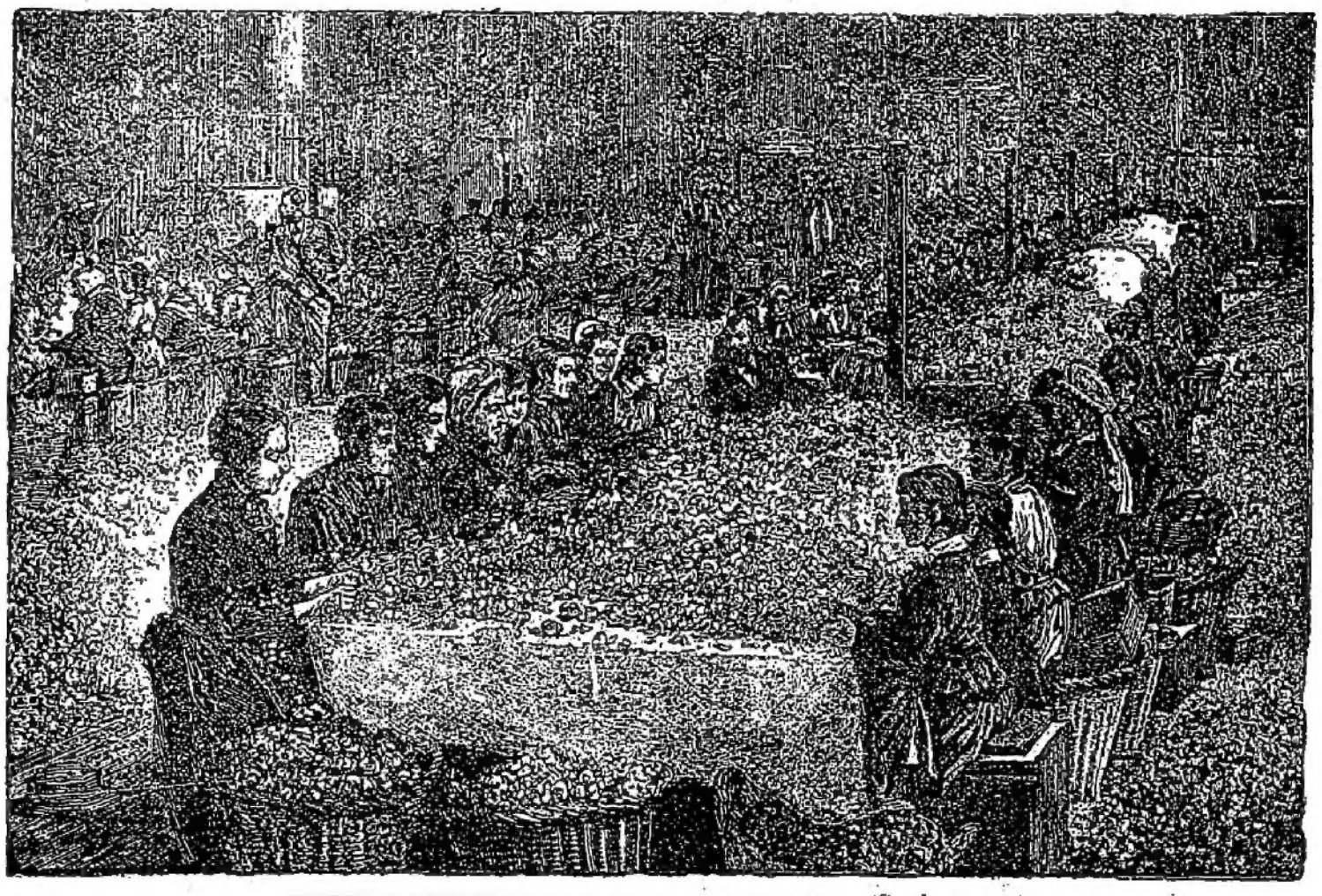
Neither the War Department nor the Indian Government, in those days, had the sagacity to see how they could make use of such a man; he was coldly reprimanded, in 1857, for advising needful measures of protection on the coasts of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden; the neglect of his advice caused a massacre at Jeddah, and an increase of the slave-trade. In 1860, leaving to others the prosecution of East African discovery, he turned his face westwards, travelled across the North American prairies to Utah, made acquaintance with the Mormons of Great Salt Lake City, and wrote a very entertaining book about them. His work on "The Lake Regions of Central Africa" had already been published; also, his books "Goa and the Blue Mountains," "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley," "Pilgrimage to Meccah and El Medinah," and "First Footsteps in East Africa," besides some philological treatises. The Foreign Office, in 1861, found employment for this clever man, but made a mistake in not at once sending him to the East, which he understood so well. He had then just married a brave and clever lady, Miss Isabel Arundel, a cousin of Lord Arundel of Wardour, the authoress of several delightful books of travel, and truly her husband's helpmeet. They were sent to the Consulate at Fernando Po, an island on the West Coast of Africa, and from August 1861 to 1864 Burton was employed among the negroes and traders of that coast, where his knowledge of the Arabs and of Mussulman ideas was of little use; but he explored several parts of the neighboring continent, in the Gulf of Benin and the Bight of Biafra, the Cameroons, Dahomey, the Congo and the Loango, and wrote three or four books about the West African negro races and states. Having gained a complete scholarly and colloquial acquaintance with Portuguese, he was removed, when his health failed in the West African climate, in 1864, to the Consulate at Santos, a dull and dismal Brazilian town, and remained four years in South America, but travelled about, visiting Paraguay on an official mission, the La Plata States, Chili, and Peru. He wrote books also on "The Highlands of Brazil" and "The Battlefields of Paraguay."

In 1860 Captain Burton was appointed British Consul at Damascus, a post highly suitable to his special attainments, but less than two years was allowed him in that congenial situation. His sympathy with the Arabs and native Syrians appears to have provoked the enmity of Turkish officials and of Greek Bishops. The Foreign Office was induced to put the Damascus Consulate on a subordinate footing, and Burton returned to England. In the next year he visited Iceland, examined the Geysers and the sulphur deposits, and wrote a book on them. He was then appointed Consul at Trieste, a not very desirable post, which he retained to his death. On leave of absence, in 1876 and 1877, he twice visited the mountains of Midian, belonging to Egypt, on the eastern shores of the Red Sea, inspecting the traces of the ancient gold, silver, and copper mines, on which he wrote two learned and instructive books. In 1882 he went in search of gold, with Commander V. L. Cameron, to the African Gold Coast, and produced another book. This was the last of his travels; since which, residing at Trieste, and in failing health, denied a retiring pension, he has added to literature a splendid history of "The Sword," a complete and most accurate translation, with notes, of all the poems of Camoens, and a full translation, in ten volumes, of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Our second portrait is of Burton disguised as "Shaykh Abdullah" when he travelled in Arabia.—*Illustrated London News.*

GEORGE ELIOT candidly wrote: "I prefer a country where we don't make bad blood by having to see one public house to every six dwellings, which is literally the case in many spots around us. My gall rises at the rich brewers in Parliament, and out of it, who plant their poison shops for the sake of their bullion-making trade, while probably their families are figuring somewhere as refined philanthropists or devoted Evangelicals and Ritualists."

CAPTAIN BURTON AS "SHAYKH ABDULLAH," TRAVELLING IN ARABIA.



PERFUME MANUFACTORY AT GRASSE: SORTING ROSES.—(See last page.)

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(*By Joanna H. Matthews.*)

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

The tears rose to Milly's eyes as, holding out her hand to Thomas, she told him that she was quite ready to assume her share of the responsibility, if mother would consent to his plan.

Thankful as Milly was for the interest shown by the faithful old servant, she was more than doubtful, not only of obtaining mother's consent to such an extension of her experiment, but also of the results, if such were attempted. Although the boys had not been known to take anything which did not belong to them, since they had been admitted to the house, it was evident that they had no very exalted ideas of the laws of *meum et tuum*: and the recollection of the breakfast obtained from our neighbor's milk pail and our own bread basket was still fresh in mind.

But, to her surprise and gratification, mother did not show herself averse to this new phase of the enterprise. It was true, she said, that Thomas was getting old, and was not as active as he had been; and the boy might save him many a weary step, and lighten his labors somewhat; and, if he chose to take him under strict supervision, it perhaps was as well to let him try what could be done with him. So did dear mother strive to reconcile her judgment and her conscience, too, to what she, and others than she, believed to be a foolish risk; but there was something tugging at the strings of her heart which would not be gainsaid, and she was forced to yield to its pleadings, even while she reproached herself for so doing.

So it was arranged. The small bedroom over the stable, where sleeping accommodations were to be provided for Bill, was made to suffice for Jim also, and seemed a palace to their imaginations. Indeed, we thought that the prospect of "sleepin' where them splendid horses did," went far to induce Jim to exchange his roving, vagabond life for the restraints of civilization, and the means of making an honest living. Bill was more amenable, and accepted the offers made to him with less hesitation.

Bill, decently clothed, and with an air of peacockism about him that was extremely diverting, as he surveyed himself in his unwonted habiliments, was duly installed within a day or two in Edward's office, where he did not disgrace the sponsorship of his master, for he proved himself bright, apt and active, entering readily into the duties which devolved upon him, and doing his best, according to his light, to please. And, as he goes to and fro upon his errands, many a hurried business man checks his steps, and turns wonderingly to listen, as the boy passes by, with the music which he "cannot help," trilling from his lips.

Jim, also rejoicing in shoes and stockings, whole jacket and trousers, with shirt beneath, and, occasionally, clean hands and face and combed hair, became our shoeblack, errand boy, knife-cleaner, snow-shoveller, Jack of all trades; becoming gradually a credit to the care of Thomas, who took unwearied pains with him, ready and willing to do anyone's bidding, but still full of pranks. He won his way, in some measure, even with the old cook, making himself at once her torment and delight, as she declared, forty times a day, that her "heart was broke with him," and who alternately snubbed and petted the "b'y" who saved her many a weary step.

The other two boys were, in the course of a few weeks, sent off to good homes in the West; and our Milly's heart was in some measure at rest respecting the future of her hitherto unpromising *proteges*.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER.

The change to our summer quarters was made much later than usual that year, owing to some alterations and renovations which had been needed in our country house, and which were not completed until the warm weather had well begun; and we had all commenced to feel a longing for a fresher and more invigorating air, when it was intensified, just on the eve of departure, by two or three days of extremely warm weather, which made the exertion of packing almost unendurable. At length, however, all was ready; and the next morning was to see us on our way.

Bill and Jim sat upon the area steps that warm evening, unheeding or unconscious of our presence upon the vine-covered balcony above. The extreme heat, and the fatigue of preparation for the morrow's flitting, had made us all unusually quiet, and we sat languidly around, only an occasional remark breaking the stillness, when the two boys came out for their share of such refreshment as might be gathered from the motionless evening air; and, taking up their position below, began a conversation, at once edifying and amusing to the listeners.

"Ain't it good to be sittin' here, on our own steps, an' no M. P. to tell us to move on?" said Jim, in a tone of hearty appreciation of his surroundings.

"Fust-rate," answered Bill, as heartily.

"An' ain't it funny to think that it's all come along of our goin' to hear Mood and Sank that day?" said Jim.

"O, look a here," said Bill, who had some small sense of the proprieties, and who took to civilization more readily than the other, "look a here, you ought ter say Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. The boss does, and if such a swell as him says it, we ought ter."

"The boss" and "her" were, as will be supposed, brother Edward and Milly; the rest of the family, father and mother included, being mere appendages to their dignity, in the eyes of these young personages.

"Ain't it bully, though, to think of me a-goin' to the country with the family, an' a-stayin' all the summer there?" continued Jim. "I wish yer was a-comin', too Bill; it would be jolly if yer was."

"O, yer know me an' the boss is a-goin' up some nights, an' all of the Sundays," said Bill, quite contented with the fate which had fallen to him; "but the Fourth of Julyin' I'm goin' to get is the bulliest of all. We're goin' to shut up shop then, an' take four whole days, all to oncet, an' go up to the country."

Bill had an overwhelming sense of proprietorship in "the shop," to wit, brother Edward's law office; and always spoke of it as a joint concern.

"But I say, Jim, ain't this a reg'lar summer Thanksgivin' to us? To think we should be in sech luck, an' got to be sech swells, an' Mr. Edward givin' us each a dollar for our own selves! An' sech a lot of fireworks an' crackers an' rockets as he bought this mornin', an' the nex' day is Miss Milly's birthday, too. An' don't I know what he's got her for a present; I seen him a-showin' it to Miss Amy. All gold an' shinin' stones, a reg'lar splendid thing, an' jest fit for Miss Milly; but I ain't goin' to tell what it is."

"I'm for out West, to make a fortin', a big one," said Jim, whose imagination was vivid, and before whom the largest possibilities were always looming up. "An' I might git to be president, yer know, nobody kin tell. If I do, I'll come back fust afore I go to makin' laws, an' marry Miss Milly."

At this matrimonial prospect, thus laid out for our dainty Milly, we had nearly betrayed our presence by our only half-suppressed merriment; and Bill made it plain that the proposition by no means coincided with his views.

"Ah, now, ain't yer great!" he ejaculated. "You a-marryin' Miss Milly! Ain't that likely!"

"If I got to be President," persisted the ambitious youth. "'Tain't every gal in New York gits the chance to be Presidentess, I kin tell yer; an' they'd jump at it. I'd be awful good to Miss Milly, too, 'cause she's been awful good to us. I say, Bill, ain't it funny to think how me an' you was last Fourth, an' now we're livin' on the inside of a brown stone front."

"Brown stone fronts ain't nothin' to country," said Bill. "Just think, Jim, there's the water where yer kin swim an' boat an' fish, and the hosses an' dogs an' all the critters, let alone the posies an' the grass an' the birds, too."

"Yer allers was an awful feller fur birds an' posies," said Jim. "Yer never would let me have a shy at the sparrers in the parks and streets, an' yer allers a hangin' round the posy stan's, till they think yer wanted to hook 'em. An yer allers a-gittin' yer sperrits up on a bit of moonshine or a poorty sky, an' them kind o' things that folks calls natur."

Bill's love for music, flowers, birds, and other "things that folks calls natur" was indeed wonderful, in one who had known so little, until now, of anything refining or softening, in his young life; and the boy's own beautiful voice was a marvel and delight to all who heard it, or who had sufficient interest in him to rejoice in this harmonious chain, whereby it was hoped that his spirit might be led to better things.

But Bill's love of the beautiful was not always appreciated as it should have been; and, at this moment, proof of that was heard in the accents of a sharp voice, exclaiming:

"You b'ys jest come and clear out them dandelions and weeds you've brought in! I ain't a-goin' to have my kitchen messed up with the like of trash like them standin' round, and yer can jest take it out, every mite of it!"

This, as may be supposed, was from that uncompromising tyrant, Mary Jane. O, the galling rule of these old family servants! What bondage is equal to it? And, although our two boys had so recently been brought under authority, they obeyed her decrees as they would those of a stern fate.

But Bill, although he complied with her behests, could not, on this occasion, refrain from entering a protest.

"Dandelions!" he said, indignantly, as he rose to obey. "They ain't no dandelions, nor trash, neither; but real, true posies, what the boss bought of a flower girl what came in our office, an' he gave 'em to me. If I had to be one of them gals, I'd be a flower one, you bet! Dandelions! Guess you know more 'bout pots an' kittles nor yer do 'bout posies, ole lady."

With this he dived into the recesses below, followed by Jim; and we indulged in the laugh which we had hitherto, with some difficulty restrained, not wishing to betray our presence. The conversation had, truth to tell, been interspersed with some expletives and expressions not necessary to repeat to ears polite; for, spite of the vast improvement visible in these boys, the restrictions of civilized life were as yet a novelty to them, and, even when conscious of our presence and hearing, they were apt to lapse into some of the ineleganies, and worse, consequent upon the license of the career of street vagabondage, from which they had been rescued by our Milly, through the charm of their love for music.

And now divers sounds, both melodious and contrarywise, came mingled from the lower regions; the old cook's voice, in loudest objurgation—for Mary Jane put little restraint upon herself, when, as she would have phrased it, her "sperrit was up"—Jim's teasing, and taunting, but still good-naturedly boisterous and laughing, while Bill tried to drown both by the clear, flutelike notes in which he raised some of the popular songs of the day, the chorus of songs presently rising to a height which compelled a summons of the bell, with the reprimand that there "was too much noise below."

(*To be Continued.*)

A BOY AND HIS YOUNGER SISTER were one day the companions of Dr. Tregelles in a country walk. In a very narrow lane, near Plymouth, they were met by a loaded corn-waggon which seemed to fill the road, and apparently placed them in imminent danger. His sister was much frightened, but not so was the boy. He quietly took her hand, and leading her on towards the small space between the hedge and the waggon, said, "Don't be afraid, Edith; we are quite safe; for the Bible says, 'The Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand,' and the waggon is on our right hand, so God will keep us safe." His little sister was quite satisfied; and the infant believers of seven and five years were kept from harm.

Two Mothers
ONE MOTHER sits in the easy-chair,
Baby Boy in her close embrace,
And she softly sings a soothing air,
With the fire-light on her face.
She hushes the baby on her breast,
And thinks, while her blue eyes shine,
"Was ever mother so richly blessed,
Was there ever a boy like mine?"
Pussy lies where the fire-light falls,
And views, with a mother's pride,
Three little roly-poly balls,
That are cuddled close to her side.
And through Pussy's mind some proud thoughts steal,
And in satisfaction she purrs:
"How ashamed that other mother must feel
To compare my children with hers!"
"When that hateful Grey chased my little Muff
How the darling growled and spit!
But Baby Boy wouldn't know enough
To put up his back at it.
Even Tiny under his very eyes
Will take his favorite toy,
And roll it away, while he sits and cries,
That wonderful Baby Boy!"
When Tab saw a mouse the other day How she started, the little pet!
Her paws are short and it got away, But she'll be successful yet
Today she was hunting through the house, That Baby Boy I believe
Would hardly be able to catch a mouse, If it ran right up his sleeve."
So the two mothers sit in the fire-light's glow,
One sings in her easy-chair,
And the other purrs on the rug below,
With her darlings nestled there.
Each mother looks with a tender pride
On the blessings Heaven has sent,
Each pitying all the world beside,
And each with her own content.
The End.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

The following evening saw us settled at Oakridge, where the only thing which interfered with our complete satisfaction was the absence of Edward. Jim's delight, too, was somewhat dampened by the want of his constant chum and companion. Failing him, he seemed rather inclined to cultivate the society of little Allie and Daisy. With the freemasonry of childhood, they were not indisposed to forget class distinctions; and now that he was decently clothed, and was ordinarily to be seen with clean hands and face, they were not averse to accepting little attentions and care at his hands. Their old Mammy, whose great, warm, motherly heart opened to every living thing, and who had, from the first, shown herself well disposed toward the objects of Milly's benevolence, gave some encouragement to these, mingling with it, now and then, a little moral suasion on the subject of low language and rude ways; and we were surprised to see the effect that this produced. Her chief argument on these occasions was, that he "would never get to be president," unless he learned to speak correctly, and took heed to his manners: and this being the object of his ambition, it had great weight with him. Nor were the admonitions of Allie and Daisy without their effect. When Allie pursed her lips, or raised her little head with a reproving air, Jim knew well enough that he had offended her aristocratic prejudices, and would hasten to inquire what he had been" a-doin' or a-sayin' of?" and if Daisy informed him that he did not "p'onounce p'operly," he would beg her to repeat the word until he could follow according to her ideas.

He, and Bill also, on his occasional visits, were extremely anxious to be allowed to have sole charge of the children, in some of their walks, or while playing about the place; but of course mother could not listen to this. Even Milly did not ask this much, for, over-zealous in such things, as some of us considered her, she was not without a proper sense of the fitness of things, and would have shrunk from exposing our petted little sisters to close companionship with these untutored objects of her care.

But the time was not far distant when we felt, one and all, as if we would trust Jim with anything and everything.

"Come down to the gate, and see the rascalest lookin' dog yer ever see, Miss Allie and Miss Daisy," he said one day, rushing up to the children, as they sat playing happily with dolls and doll's belongings, on the terrace in front of the house.

I heard the invitation, and would have interfered, for "the rascalest lookin' dog," did not conjure up visions of either safety or expediency, in making such an acquaintance. But I could not make the juveniles hear; my toilette was not in a condition to admit of running down-stairs and out of doors after them; and they were away with Jim before I had summoned a servant, whom I sent to Mammy with a request that she would see after her charges.

Mammy found them both peering over the gate, Jim beside them, while without was the miserable looking creature which he had brought them to see. He had paused in the melancholy trot he was taking down the road, and turned his head suspiciously towards them, at the call from two gentle, pitying little voices. He was not used to kind words, that was plainly to be seen; he hardly knew what they meant, or, at least, did not believe it possible that they could be addressed to him. Still, he did stop, and take a view of the situation.

There were two pairs of bright eyes looking at him over the top of the gate—to bring them so high, the little owners had to mount upon the cross rail—two pairs of pimpled hands grasping the posts; a sunny, and a dark curly head; white dresses peeping here and there through the bars. Nothing very alarming in these; but beside them was another head, another pair of eyes. These last two looked kindly at him, it was true; but they belonged to the species boy; and the poor fellow had had hard measure meted out to him, and was on his guard, even when appearnces were fair.

But it was hard, even for a suspicious dog, to resist those coaxing voices; and this one gave that shabby tail of his a feeble wag in response, and sat down upon his haunches in the dusty road, ready for a fresh start, in case he saw fit occasion.

"Ain't he awful shabby lookin' though?" said Jim, regarding the creature with a critical eye. "Ain't he awful shabby an' starved lookin'? Miss Allie an' Miss Daisy. I've got a kind of a hankerin' to him, 'cause he puts me in mind of myself an' Bill, 'fore Missy Milly took a-hold on us, an' give us a good home."

"Gave us a good home," responded Allie, still mindful, in spite of her interest in the dog, of her self-imposed task of teacher of the English language.

But she and Daisy both thought this a very touching and praiseworthy sentiment in Jim.

"O, such a poor, ragged doggie!" said Daisy. "Jim, you're gettin' very nice and pious. But I 'spect that doggie is hungry; he looks as he was. See his bones all sticking out out! I don't believe he's had any bekfus."

"Let's give him the cakes Judith gave us to play tea with," said Allie. "They are hard sugar cakes, so maybe he'll think they are sweet bones. O, isn't he thin, though! Why, I don't 'spect he's had anything to eat for 'most a year. Jim, please go bring us those cakes you'll find with our doll's tea-set, and we'll give them to him."

Jim readily complied, and presently returned with the cakes; and Daisy came down from her perch, so that he might open the gate, while she and Allie broke the cakes into bits. Doggie never told whether or no he believed the sugar cakes to be sweet bones, or if it were starvation which led him to snap up so eagerly the morsels thrown to him by the children. Perhaps he had a taste for cakes; different varieties of puppies have; but, however that was, he now seemed to believe that the little ones were friendly to him. Slowly he came on, greedily catching up the bits of cake, until he was within the gate, which Jim immediately shut.

But here Mammy entered a protest:

"No, no, this will never do," she said. "What are you going to do with him now, my honeys? Don't you know that your mamma can't abide dogs, and never will? There's no use bringin' him in, for ye can't keep him, an' it's just to turn him out again to shift for himself!"

"Is he somebody's dog, do you think?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, every dog has to be somebody's, you know," said Allie.

"Then why don't his somebody take care of him?" asked Daisy.

"'Cause he's a horrid old thing, who ought to be served right, I 'spect!" said Allie, indignantly. "Going and letting his poor dog grow starveder and starveder all the time. He ought to be put in prison!"

"Aw! There's lots of 'em gits worse use nor this dog's had," said Jim. "Some yer wouldn't believe how they gits treated. Never could see how a feller could hurt a dog. Poor feller."

Jim certainly did show a love for and tenderness towards all animals, quite remarkable in a street boy.

"Maybe this doggie didn't be anybody's, only God's doggie," said Daisy, shaking her head, as if she found it almost impossible to believe in such cruelty.

"O, Daisy," said Allie, "what a clever child you are! You are wiser than me, if you are not so old, 'cause you found that out, and I never did. I just believe he is, and that God sent him here for us to take care of, and be kind to. God knows how to take care of his animals a great deal better than their horrid old masters do. But then, Daisy, how can we do it, when mother don't like him? I never saw anyone can't bear dogs the way she can't. You needn't any of you tell anyone I said so, but it's a little tiny bit foolish to be afraid of dogs."

"O!" said Daisy, shocked at such heresy, "Mother wouldn't be foolish."

"Yes, she would," said Allie. "Everybody has to be foolish about something. They can't help it, they are born so; and I s'pose being afraid of dogs is mother's foolishness."

Even this piece of wisdom could not reconcile Daisy to the idea that all mother said, did, or thought was not wisest and best. Still, she could not but confess that there was room for improvement in the matter of dogs, now that she wished to keep this poor animal, and feared that mother's objections would prove an insuperable obstacle.

He lay upon the grass now, having eaten the whole of both cakes, submitting gratefully to the caresses of Jim, who had thrown himself down beside him, and looking up at the children with wistful, beseeching eyes, as if he were glad of rest in this quiet spot, and he hoped he need not be driven from it. Jim, too, was evidently waiting with anxiety to hear sentence pronounced; but Mammy's face, spite of her pity for the creature, and her wish to humor her pets, was unpromising. She knew too well that mother had a rooted and chronic objection to all dogs; and certainly this specimen was not one to obtain favor in prejudiced eyes.

(To be Continued.)

THE MOST IMPORTANT YEARS.

"Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so while they are passing, they seem to have been so when we look back to them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years which succeed them." If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.—*The Observer.*

NICE TO BE A BOY, BUT NOT A MAN.

BY GRACE S. BURGESS.

Tumbling on the fresh, green grass,
Shouting as my playmates pass:
"Come and tumble here with me,
This is jolly fun, you see!"
Flying kites and cracking whips,
Carving toys and floating ships,
Hunting squirrels, digging worms,
Trading knives on easy terms,
Climbing to the chimney top,
Never being told to stop
As I run, or, jump, or play,
Save when mother says, "Now, Ray,
Come and help me quick!" or when
The bell has rung for school, and then
With my sister, looking sweet,
Close beside me on the seat,
Riding to the district school
Where there is not one bad rule,
And doing many other things
I cannot think of now—each brings
Only happiness and joy;
Oh! 'Tis nice to be a boy.

Going down to town, and there
Meeting ugly men who swear,
And run against you rough and rude;
No matter where you are, intrude
Men who use the weed and smell
How, I doubt if I could tell;
Nasty though, and have them say
In such a confidential way;
"Take a cigar?" If you say, "No,"
"Getting pious, Jim? ho! ho!"
Have them most insulting shout,
Then pull and jostle you about,
And finally: "Well, come and drink?"
Before you've time to even think
They drag you in where whiskey's sold:
And you must take the drink when told
Or be ridiculed; I know,
For my pa is used just so;
Nice to be a man? no! no
—*Union Signal.*

THE QUEEN AT GRASSE.

"Among the pleasant incidents of Her Majesty's recent sojourn at Grasse," says a correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, "was a visit to the perfume-manufactory of M. Chiris, a gentleman who is a member of the Senate of the French Republic, and is the owner of a delightful villa and gardens, which have also been courteously opened by him to Her Majesty. For this peculiar branch of industry Grasse is celebrated all over the world, and to this it owes a trade amounting yearly to the value of a quarter of a million sterling. It is for the sake of extracting perfume from their blossoms that the cultivation of odoriferous plants, white roses, white jasmines, heliotropes, tuberoses, jonquils, cassias, violets, orange and lemon trees, and a species of acacia, besides vast fields of lavender, is spread over many thousand acres in the neighborhood of Grasse. The flowers of the orange and lemon trees are used for the distillation of "neroli," the base of eau-de-Cologne, while the water that is left after that process is the refreshing "orange-flower water," a familiar luxury in French cafes. The "otto of roses" produced at Grasse is superior to that of India or of Turkey. The petals of the red Turkey rose only are used for this product; they are submerged in a large iron pot full of melted lard, surrounded with boiling water, and remain from twelve to twenty-four hours, after which the liquor is filtered from the petals, and this operation may be repeated, with fresh petals, thirty or forty or even sixty times. It requires 45 lbs. of rose-petals to make one gramme (fifteen grains and a half troy-weight) of the otto of roses, which costs perhaps three francs. Orange pomade is made in the same way from the petals of orange-flowers. Another method of extracting the scents of flowers, apart from distilling and the application of heat, is by laying them, simply piled and not pressed together, between two sheets of glass, held by their frames four inches apart, with a layer of lard, one third of an inch thick, spread on the glass, to absorb the odoriferous oil; the flowers are changed for fresh ones, sometimes after six hours, in other cases after twelve hours, and this is done, with jonquils thirty times, with cassias and violets sixty times, with tuberoses or hyacinths, and with the jasmine, as many as eighty times, accumulating the perfume-essence in the same lard, which is afterwards melted and mixed with alcoholic spirit distilled from grain. The spirit, combining with the volatile oil, rises to the top and is skimmed off, and the fluid is then filtered. All the citrine odors, those of orange and lemon flowers, also verbena and lavender, are treated with spirit distilled from French grapes. It is a special science to combine, in certain proportions, scents which form a novel and harmonious artificial perfume. The great factory of M. Chiris was inspected on April 10 by Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Baroness Alice de Rothschild. M. Chiris had the building decorated with British and French flags, the floors spread with violets and jonquils, in honor of his royal visitors, who saw all the processes and examined them with much interest, especially the delicate methods of enfleurage. As the Queen left, M. Chiris begged leave to present a basket of perfumes beautifully displayed in a bed of violets and decorated with apple-green ribbons and Marechal Niel roses. The bottles were dedicated to the royal party in the names of "Queen's Bouquet," "Princess Louise Bouquet," and "Princess Beatrice Bouquet;" and two other bottles contained perfumes of the white rose and the white violet."

While at Grasse one of Her Majesty's favorite forms of recreation was driving about in her donkey chaise. This special donkey and chaise she rarely travels without. The illustration on our first page shows her in one of her drives near Osborne, Isle of Wight.

THE BLUE GOWN HITTY BUNCE DIDN'T GET.

It was all of forty years ago since Hitty Bunce walked down the green lane near the old farm house one pleasant Saturday afternoon, very much "dressed up" in a pink calico gown, pink pantalets to match, tied on at the knee, her rosy face shaded by a "scoop," with a pink calico curtain.

The Bunce "men folks" were busy making cider. All the country about, for ten miles, brought their apples to the Bunce cider mill.

Hitty was twelve, and big enough to like pretty gowns. She had been to Boston the winter before, and saw such a beautiful blue merino gown, and a velvet hood to match, and since that time it had been the desire of her heart to possess such a suit.

Mother Bunce had promised a blue gown for Hitty, if the cider grinding turned out well.

"Oh! isn't it grand to think that when the first snows come I shall have my gown and hood. Father says he has never made so much cider before. Mother says she likes for me to look nice, and that it's our duty to make ourselves pleasant pictures for friends to see, so I don't think I'm vain to want a pretty gown. Dear me, there are the Grove children, looking worse than usual. Mother says that family is almost a disgrace to the neighborhood. There's Mina, she is older than I am, and such a looking sight as she is," said Hitty aloud, not conscious that she had raised her voice until "those dirty Groves" heard every word, as they sat on the grass, under the shade of a maple near the lane.

Quick-tempered Mina called out sharply. "Here's our fine Missy mincing along, just like a lady from Boston. I'm afraid the dirty Groves will soil that fine pink gown. Don't fret about us; we are good friends of yours. Our father helps buy your pretty gowns. He drinks hard cider and apple brandy, you know, and his money goes to your father, who keeps it to 'sell to the neighbors, just for accommodation.' It's good in him to take the bread from our mouths and give it to your father, who's gettin' rich sellin' the stuff that clothes us in rags. Father doesn't work nowadays, and mother can't do anything for her cough," mocked Mina Grove, as she made a grimace at Hitty.

"What a disagreeable girl that Mina is," thought Hitty, as she walked on, feeling indignant, and resolving to tell "father of the insult she had received."

In a narrow pathway she stumbled, and nearly fell upon the prostrate body of John Grove, who lay sleeping off a drunken stupor.

"What er want, more wood, hey? You're allus wantin' somethin'. I say, lem me alone; I haven't time, I tell you, to be bothered with cryin' young uns, wantin' bread an' things. That cider's prime, 'most as good as liquor. Old Bunce gits up a good artikel; make a pore fellow drown his troubles," muttered the intoxicated man.

Unused to seeing drunken men, Hitty hastened back, meeting the Grove children at the big gate.

"You've seen daddy, have you? Did he skeer you? Bring your folks down to look at their work. He won't beat us until he gets half-sober, then we can look out. Don't be skeered; he's only been nippin' at Bunce's cider," said Mina bitterly.

Hitty quickened her steps, and reached home panting and pale.

"What is it, daughter?" inquired Mrs. Bunce, removing the scoop and kissing the sweet face.

"O mother! I've seen John Grove. He drinks," said Hitty, sadly.

"Yes, dear," replid Mrs. Bunce.

"And the children are ragged and starving almost, and father sells him his drinks. Oh! don't let him do it. I won't have my new blue gown now; my old homespun ones will do. Give the price of it to Mina Grove, and, mother, let's empty out father's cider," cried Hitty.

"Why, daughter, we can not do that, but we'll see what can be done," and Mrs. Bunce looked sober, as she thought of the many times she had shunned poor Mrs. Grove, thinking in her heart "how glad she was that she was of different mold." She had impressed Hitty with the belief that, "those poor rude children were her inferiors, and to be shunned as one would avoid a poisonous reptile."

The question "Who maketh thee to differ?" agitated her soul as she soothed Hitty to sleep while the words of Mina—truthful ones too—"This is from drinking Bunce's cider," awakened a sleeping conscience.

Mrs. Bunce meant to be a good woman. She called herself a follower of him who loved the poor and lowly, and yet she had been despising those weak enough to fall into the snare set for them by her own husband, aided by her own self.

Her afternoon dress was, for that period, costly and dainty. She looked at the lace in her sleeves and the silken kerchief at her throat, shuddering as she thought, "bought with blood money."

The tears shone on Hitty's long eyelashes. Softly she pressed a kiss on the rosy lips, and prayed for help to undo the evil she had unwittingly done.

Mr. Bunce was for some time unwilling to give up his profitable cider and apple-jack selling, but Mrs. Bunce persevered until she convinced him it was risking immortality to continue on tempting weak men.

Mrs. Bunce and Hitty found it hard work to "make up" with the Grove family, who were embittered toward them; but in time they came to know each other better.

Hitty did indeed wear her old homespun dresses that winter, but she never regretted the loss of the blue gown.

Mina Grove, after losing her bitterness and sharp speech, became a fast friend of Hitty's, and John Grove straightened up, providing a more comfortable home for his family.

Prohibition was at that day an unknown name, and cider was a popular drink, the harder the better, and as Hitty to-day knows, has since then slain its many victims.

Hitty has since that memorable walk had many blue gowns, but she never sees anyone wearing a blue gown and bonnet that it doesn't cause her to think of the gown she didn't get.—*Ella Guernsey in the Pansy.*

AVOID "MEDICINES."

The New York *Witness* tells of a school girl in New York who was troubled with sleeplessness and obtained a prescription for it from a friend of hers who is studying medicine. She took the dose, and went to sleep to wake no more in this world. This is a warning of the danger of taking drugs without proper guidance. There never was a time when so little medicine was prescribed by physicians as now; and this is in singular contrast with the fact that there never was a time when so little medicine was swallowed. The doctors, who have studied the science of medicine, are learning to rely less upon drugs and more upon nature, directing their efforts for the most part to removing hinderances, that nature may have a fair chance. The people, who have not studied medicine, have great faith in drugs and very little in nature. They will swallow anything that anybody recommends or any patent medicine that they see advertised without the least knowledge of its properties or of the effects which it is likely to produce on their organism. There is a great deal of quackery in the healing business, and, unfortunately, it is not confined to patent medicine venders and unlicensed physicians. But there are honest and intelligent doctors, and people who do not know the dangers they incur in using drugs will, on the average, do better to go without any medicine till such a doctor can be found and consulted. Medicines which are advertised as perfectly harmless are often the most dangerous. A prominent physician is reported to have remarked that more human misery has been produced by "harmless purgatives" than by any one cause. It was an exaggeration, of course, but the doctor had, no doubt, seen abundant reason for speaking strongly. Plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, plenty of pure water, plenty of exercise, and a sufficient supply of nourishing food, well chewed and seasoned with cheerful conversation and laughter—these, with the blessing of God, are the great and only "cure-all;" and even these will not effect a cure in every case.

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